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The Commonweal

January 12, 1951

IN ISRAEL AND WESTERN EUROPE

The Community Adventure

THOMAS SUGRUE
CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

WHEN WISDOM IS FOLLY

Mr. Pegler's Ignorant Bliss

FRANCIS DOWNING

The Sale

JOE DEVER

Volume LIII **15c** *Number 14*

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Idea for a Magazine II

SOME Catholic periodicals belong to the temporal sphere as such, which implies that they have taken concrete, definite stands on questions of this order . . .

By this very fact it is obvious that they do not engage the Church—even if, as is to be desired, they draw their inspirations in the most courageous, intrepid manner from Christian wisdom. And it is obvious too that they involve no other initiative than that of the particular persons or groups who have started them.

And doubtless, to the extent to which their inspiration is truly and integrally Christian, they witness to the Gospel and serve in an effective way in the penetration of the world and men's lives by Christianity . . .

That Catholics should form different groups on the temporal plane, and even ones which are mutually opposed, is normal. What is demanded here is that they should keep among these diversities and oppositions those laws of truth, of loyalty, of justice and charity to which they are bound to conform their actions, not only with regard to those who share their faith, but with regard to all men whatsoever.

JACQUES MARITAIN

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Slogans

IN TIME of war, it is thought, everything becomes expendable—natural wealth, personal careers, youthful ambitions, above all human life itself. In every war the lives of good men are spent on immediate operations that are later forgotten by even the most painstaking historians. In the single-minded obsession of war, everything is pressed into service. The noblest ideas and the sublimest aspirations of the human heart are transformed into bellicose slogans. The ideals and hopes good men live by are commandeered and used coldly as psychological weapons, as mere tools of war. Love of home, family, country, even love of God is seen as something to use, to benefit from. It is evaluated merely as the stuff from which victory is made.

Then, as the cynics remind us, when the war is won (or lost) the noble slogans are forgotten, relegated, like old tanks, to the places where they lie hidden and inarticulated until it becomes necessary to use them again. The war-time propagandist, his task finished, returns to writing novels, to public relations or to advertising where he uses the talents once employed to arouse dedication and noble aspirations more fittingly, in the interests of deodorants or toothpaste.

This may be an oversimplified view of the role propaganda has played in war time or at a time of ideological struggle like the present. But there is enough truth in it to make many intelligent people wary of every attempt to clothe "our side" with the trappings of nobility. It is enough to make every attempt to identify "our cause" with the cause of righteousness a matter for cynical distrust.

The questioning mind rebels against the fantastic contrasts of good and evil, black and white, which are presented as marking the difference between the opposing sides. The reverent mind resents the exploitation of noble aspirations found in the people. The moral mind rejects the idea that all the bombing and killing, the horror and indecency of war can add up to a holy crusade; that out of so much evil can arise a better world. The cynical mind, recalling the propaganda of other wars, may be inclined to strike a crackerbox-atheist pose. But for almost all thinking minds, the patrioteer's facile preaching is a matter of distaste.

Experience has taught us to beware of exalted language and high-minded eloquence where the struggles between states are concerned. A generation that witnessed the liberation of the Nazi concentration camps could not speak with the accents of the jazz age's lost generation of the war it fought and won—nothing can tarnish that victory—yet it is slow to fall victim to shabby eloquence or counterfeit nobility.

The first world war was fought, according to the propagandists, "to make the world safe for democracy." This became the biggest joke of the twenties and thirties, right up to the time that the world again was definitely no longer safe for democracy. There was less to debunk after the second war. Propaganda was not as crude nor slogans as high-flown. But there was the genuine feeling of a moral crusade, a high popular resolution among Americans to make a better world and lay the basis for a lasting peace.

Now the cynical are asking again, What happened to all the brave resolutions of that war? What did all the death and the hardship add up to? What was gained by the sacrifices made? Did we achieve even a temporary peace? Look at the world today, only five years later.

AND it is true, there is no peace. Our victory did not produce peace. It merely created the climate in which, with good will all around, peace was possible. The Nazism which had enslaved Europe was finished as a potent world force. The millions in Nazi concentration camps were freed. The evil thing called Hitlerism was strangled and no longer blighted the earth. That

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• NEXT WEEK •

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN reports on a train trip he took from the Caspian Sea to Teheran. On the trip he encountered a "mullah," a sort of Mohammedan priest, who explained Islamic ideas of family life to him.

When asked what he thought of a man who treats his wife as a companion and friend, the Mohammedan said, among other things, that "it is exceedingly difficult in life to find a man who is able to give you advice in difficult situations and in whom you can have confidence. How could you then possibly expect that of a woman?"

our victory did not mean automatic peace should not dim its splendor.

It would be foolish to expect peace, in the positive sense of the word, to be accomplished by war. A nation pursuing war cannot be waging peace at the same time. For the duration of the war, all its energies are devoted to destroying the thing that makes peace-making impossible. It would be foolish to think that peace can be imposed by bombs and bullets. It would be foolish, in other words, to believe the wartime slogans that promise peace and plenty will be the fruit of war. And it is naive to complain later that the evils in the world were not all swept away by the hard-won victory. Peace is the fruit of justice, the rich reward for pacific accomplishment. War is the antithesis of peace; the only justification for it is the knowledge that peace is no longer possible and the possibility for peace-making must be restored.

The Eisenhower Mission

IF PEOPLE wonder how men can be persuaded to assume responsibilities of office as heavy as those weighing on the President of the United States, what must be said of General Eisenhower's courage in heading the defense forces of Western Europe? For he has to decide within himself the issue of the "great debate" which divides the country. By the very fact of his new title the General is committed to the defense of Europe. But he may determine from his findings to place chief reliance on a chain of perimeter bases that would not contrast sharply with the Hoover map for American self-defense. The amount of men and material we send to Europe —and when we send it—is Eisenhower's decision; the President and Congress can be counted on to sustain whatever he decides.

There is a vicious circle of mistrust in this whole affair. Here in the United States many people feel that the Europeans are not sufficiently willing to defend themselves, that they are too ready to truckle with Communists, that therefore we may be sending material and men only to have them fall into Russian hands to be used against us—the arms directly and the men as hostages in centers that would be logical targets for our bombers. The Europeans, for their part, have too little faith in us. They fear that we look upon their armies and their countries as expendable in the defense of the United States. They

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believe that our point-of-view is essentially isolationist. They feel little affinity for our culture. Their understandable determination not to be overrun in another war is thus reinforced by their mistrust of the United States.

General Eisenhower is well-fitted to attack this mutual mistrust. He is popular in Western Europe—as in the United States—and his views command unusual respect. No doubt his greatest talent as victorious commander in World War II was for getting people to work together.

The only way out of the American-European circle of mutual misgivings is a realization of what we have and want in common. It is easier to approach this from a negative angle. There is a danger common to the peoples of America and of Western Europe. There is a common enemy, a form of slavery from which we all wish to defend ourselves, each other and the rest of the still free world.

From a positive angle difficulties multiply. There is a wide divergence between the American and the European ways of life. Do the two continents, then, have a common concept to defend?

Freedom is the answer, or the right to determine one's way of life. In this sense America and Europe are components of a common civilization. They stem from a common source. Whatever our divisions, a pluralistic universe is consonant with both American and European traditions. It is only because so many unsatisfying answers have been given to the question, "freedom for what?" that the concept of freedom arouses less enthusiasm than it should throughout the Western world. The tradition of freedom common to both continents is no less worth living and dying for.

General Eisenhower therefore has the task of arousing all of us to the worth of the freedoms which we now enjoy and the common stake we all have in preserving and extending them. While he assays the material and spiritual state of Europe's defenses and draws up his list of recommendations, he can also make a substantial contribution to the drawing together of the West. We have ample reason to be confident in one another if only we are brought to realize it in time.

An Annual Report

ONCE a year the Tennessee Valley Authority calls nationwide attention to its manifold operations. The tenor of these annual accountings is unvarying. Use of TVA goods and services is ever on the increase. During the past fiscal year the TVA region generated twelve times the electric power it did in 1933, the year the agency was created. The TVA consumer's 3,079 kilowatt-hours of electricity is almost double the national average.

The latest TVA report also deals with its other activities in the seven-state region: increased navigation on the Tennessee River, pilot fertilizer projects, soil conservation and demonstration farms, malaria control and recreational facilities.

Each year the papers take more or less notice of these expanding achievements. Most editors do tend to side with private utilities in questioning the use of such government assisted facilities as a legitimate yardstick for determining production and distribution costs. They do not accept TVA's profit figures. But many newspapers acknowledge TVA's tangible accomplishments.

The disheartening thing is that little else is forthcoming but an annual accolade. The possibilities inherent in this type of river valley development have convincingly been demonstrated to the American people. But what was intended primarily as a model for other American river valleys has, in fact, awakened more serious interest in other lands than in our own. Otherwise how explain our failure to extend the pattern to other regions in our country? A new George Norris or Franklin Roosevelt must be needed.

Migration from Europe

IN ORDER to become economically integrated and viable, the continent of Europe outside the Iron Curtain has, under the Marshall Plan, made real progress. But a final obstacle remains. The International Labor Office at Geneva holds that ten or twelve million Europeans must settle in other parts of the world to relieve the pressure on continental resources.

Overcrowding is worst in Italy, with its constant population increase, and in Western Germany, with the millions of expellees and refugees from the East. The ILO also mentions Greece, Malta, the Netherlands and Trieste. In order to have maximum effect in assuring lasting European recovery this emigration program should be completed within the next five years. North and South America, Australia and New Zealand are suggested as the most likely resettlement areas.

If the extent of the transfer of populations

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contemplated seems staggering, the results of ignoring the problem should be weighed against it. Unemployment and national poverty are the raw materials of Communism. For if Europe is chronically ill economically, it may fall from internal collapse. Here is one of those stubborn facts that must be faced.

Pilgrimage

IN JULY, when American troops first went into Korea in large numbers, the newspaper correspondents on the scene, who were there themselves in division strength in those early days, soon discovered in talking to the troops that the average GI himself had no clear idea of why he was fighting in that country. In January, when there seemed to be even less military reason for our staying in Korea, we were not being kept so well informed of what was going on in the minds of our men there, but here at home, even while the national debate on foreign policy was going great guns, there were only scattered cries calling for the recall of our troops from Korea and there was no crusade to remove Truman or Acheson or MacArthur for keeping them there.

It was generally agreed that for the time being at least we had to stay in Korea and that it was worth the cost because the United Nations had either to stand or fall there on that small Asiatic peninsula, and if the UN fell without a fight it would mean demoralization and defeat for a project that man has been working at, off and on, for years; it would mean that once again there was to be no world in which the moral force of a majority could fashion a collective security against the will of a minority that refused to recognize majority-rule or a moral law at all.

When, five years ago, the Allies were casting about for a foundation on which to build the United Nations organization, they settled on the idea of the nation-state, on Norway, Britain, Belgium and the like, as the basic stones on which to erect a secure world structure. Serviceable as this idea was in gathering member states from most of the world, it did not, unfortunately, apply so well to Asia, where, as a matter of fact, neither India nor China was a nation-state in the same sense that Britain and Belgium were. India and China, if they were unities at all, were cultural unities, without governing institutions in complete or effective control of their peoples and without the social homogeneity that obtained in most Western nation-states.

From the beginning, the uncertain condition of India and China was critical for the United Nations because if India and China could not be fitted into the structure, sooner or later the UN would crumble. As events in the last five years have borne out, the history of the United Nations has in fact been largely determined by the separate ways India and China have gone, the one fitting in, the other unable to be fitted in and now in undeclared war on the organization and the collective security it stands for.

India, after narrowly averting civil war by agreeing to a partition with Pakistan, has made steady progress toward the end of becoming a nation-state, employing the Western political techniques left her as a legacy of British colonialism, and she has, as a result, made a cordial if troubled adjustment to the UN. China, unable to prevent civil war, has, in the person of the victorious Chinese Communists, joined hands with the Russian minority in the UN and in doing so she has swung the balance of power temporarily in favor of that minority, which means that she has pushed the UN to the edge of the cliff.

This perilous moment has, of course, really been hanging over our heads all the while since 1945, due to Russia's ideological disagreement with the West. The UN, after all, is grounded on the Western idea of the modern nation-state (which derives from the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648) and the Western idea of international law (with its roots deep in the Anglo-Saxon and Roman codes of law). To Soviet Russia these Western ideas are only outmoded and laughable.

To us they are neither outmoded nor laughable ideas, though we know that they will require revision from time to time, that, for example, the modern nation-state must give up some of its sovereignty and its nationalism in behalf of a broader international entente. But majority-rule, like freedom, is the air we breathe, and we know that for every man there is a natural and irresistible appeal to the proposition that the aye's or the nay's have it, as the case may be, so long as that majority guarantees the rights of the minority.

This, then, has been a long road that Western man has been on, this road to free, collective security, but it is not the wrong road at all and there is no reason to turn from it, whatever may be the advice of the Hearst press and all the others who would have us abandon the UN; nor is there reason to believe that those who have died along the way have died in vain. It is a good and a high road we are on, and some day or other it must take us to haven and home.

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IN ISRAEL

The Community Adventure

The collective settlements of Palestine were born of harsh necessity but survive as practical idealism.

By THOMAS SUGRUE

THE collective agricultural settlements of Israel, though founded by idealists, are the result of necessity rather than of theory. The Zionist pioneers who went from Eastern Europe to Palestine in the early years of the twentieth century did not have community living in mind. They wanted to return to the land in order to become again, after two thousand years of segregation and wandering, a normal people.

They wanted to set right the inverted triangle of Jewish life. In traditional society the triangle has a base of agriculture, from which it narrows, through trade and the professions, to a point of arts and letters and the learned professions; the Jewish triangle in late nineteenth century Europe had a point of agriculture which widened through trade and the professions to a base of arts and letters and the learned professions.

The early Zionist pioneers therefore were not farmers; they were teachers, scientists, writers, philosophers, lawyers. They had never worked on the land and did not know how to do so; in Palestine they had the additional handicap of being unable to purchase any but the poorest land, and usually they faced the problem of salvaging that land from malarial swamp or the ravages of erosion. Most of them were single men, and when land was secured they went to work on it in groups. They shared the work as any such group would, and the first buildings they constructed were naturally barracks with common kitchens and common dining-rooms.

They learned slowly to be good farmers, and because they were intelligent and educated they studied scientific agriculture and adapted its techniques to their problems. Because they were intelligent and educated they also, in the common dining-rooms, discussed the problems of man and society. They discovered, gradually, that they had stumbled on a way of life which suited their idealism and which at the same time solved the practical question of how to get along and make a living in a backward country which had to be, agriculturally speaking, won back from ruin. They therefore embraced the way of life they had discovered, improved it, worked out its theory and application, and handed it on to incoming pioneers.

The collective idea was not well received in the beginning by many Zionist leaders elsewhere. They, capitalists in a capitalistic world, asked bluntly why they should be asked to contribute funds in order to support a socialistic movement which might rise up and devour them. The movement was so practical, however, that it was staunchly supported by such men as Arthur Ruppin of the Jewish Agency, and gradually it became a popular pattern for groups of Zionist pioneers who settled the land acquired for them by the Agency. The first settlement, Degania, was founded in 1910, on the southern shore of the lake of Galilee; the land was rocky and wasted, though the Jordan, emerging from the lake, ran through it. Today Degania is a lush land and a thriving community, with rich fields, beautiful gardens, and bird-filled trees shading its buildings. All of its pioneer settlers still are in residence, living with their children and their grandchildren.

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THE collective pattern is pure—there is no money; there is no distinction of position for any settlement member because of his work or his talent or his intelligence; there is a common dining-room; married couples have a room in a dormitory but no separate dwelling; children have their own dormitory buildings and dining-rooms; infants are kept in a communal nursery where their mothers go to feed them; settlement members get what they want in the way of personal requirements by walking into the settlement "store" and asking for a pair of pants or a package of cigarettes or a sweater or a dress or a pair of shoes.

The cultural life of the community is rich and varied; everyone is involved in some creative or intellectual pursuit in his spare time, and some of the country's finest musicians, artists, and writers have been developed in the collectives. A member whose talent is recognized by the community is given eighty-one days of free time each year in which to work at creative projects. At

THOMAS SUGRUE *is the author of Watch for the Morning, a recent book on Israel.*

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one of the settlements a studio was built for a young sculptor; he teaches school until one p. m. and is free thereafter for creative work; he has complete security for himself, his wife, and his three children, and whatever materials he needs in his work are purchased for him by the settlement. Any member of any settlement at any time can leave it and go elsewhere, but newcomers are given a year of trial before they are accepted as members.

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THE system worked out very well for the Jewish pioneers. Still, as might be expected among so individualistic a people, the pattern in its details did not fit all the Zionists who went to Palestine. Even among the original settlers of Degania there were those who wanted a more personal and less communal way of life; they left the settlement and in the valley of Jezreel began a small-holders' community. They called it Nahalal, and they made it in a circle of land, laying out the individual farms like pieces of pie, with the farmhouses at the points, thus making in the center of the circle a village. They bought and used farm machinery cooperatively, hired a school teacher and doctor cooperatively, and marketed their products cooperatively; but every man was responsible for his own living, which he made from his own farm.

This pattern, though not so popular as the collective, was adopted by many of the pioneer groups. Later, in the 1930's, a cross between the collective and the smallholders' settlement sprang up, a sort of collective smallholders' community, in which the land was worked collectively and the income shared without reference to position or talent or effort, but in which each family has its own house and vegetable garden, with its share of the settlement's income to do with as it pleases. This form, incidentally, has proved extremely popular with Jewish pioneers from the United States. It maintains the collective idea, with its maximum of security and its lack of competitiveness, but it supports the idea of a separate house for each family and it gives each person freedom to spend what he earns in whatever way he likes.

Thus the Jewish pioneers in forty years have experimented with the collective and communitarian ideas in nearly all of their aspects. The large majority of the pioneers were not orthodox in their religious ideas; they were liberal, socialistic, and idealistic; yet they demonstrated a religious spirit in their willingness to cooperate with each other, to erase competitiveness, and to forego personal ambition for personal peace of mind and heart. Many of the fervent young socialists of two generations ago did not even believe in the marriage ceremony but the unions these folk entered into have endured remarkably well, and most of the participants have in late years voluntarily submitted to a ceremony. At Passover many of the collectives re-write the service for the Seder (the Haggadah), transforming it into a description of the year in the settlement and a festival of thanksgiving.

★

FROM the collective movement, of course, came the leaders of modern Israel, who head a government similar in its socialism to England's Labor Government. From the collectives themselves came the members of the Hagannah, the underground army which emerged to defeat the Arabs when the state of Israel was declared in 1948. From the collectives, in fact, came the spirit which is modern Israel. The settlers, though they claimed to be irreligious, were in fact permeated with the Torah, the Talmud, and the "Ethics of the Fathers." They have no sympathy, for example, with the Reform and Conservative wings of Judaism; either they are orthodox or they are not religious at all.

Thus far the spirit of the collectives—cooperation, sharing, foregoing personal goals — has sustained the young Jewish state. The questions which face the settlements are serious ones, now that Jews of all sorts—most of them non-idealists, all of them poor, a great number of them illiterate and ill—are pouring into Israel, straining the state's economy and putting a burden of ignorance, cynicism, and inertia on the spirit of the original pioneers. Can the pioneers, in their own collectives, transmit their spirit to the non-idealistic newcomers? Will these newcomers be successful in their efforts at communal farming, and will they thus bolster the state morally, economically, and spiritually in the future? It is impossible to predict the answer, but anyone who knows the pioneers and has seen their work will pray that they have success in their effort.

One possibility for the collectives must be considered, even if the thought is whimsically prophetic. The religious problem in Israel, with an orthodox minority bringing pressure on a coalition government which needs the support of the orthodox party, is one which must be settled before too long. The suggestion that a new Sanhedrin be called is coming more and more into favor; such a body would have the power to reinterpret the Torah so that many of the orthodox observances, anachronistic and impractical for modern Jews in a modern society, may be adapted and adjusted. If a new Sanhedrin actually is called, the spirit of the collectives will influence it heavily, and it may very well be that gradually, if the Sanhedrin were to sit continually, a united religious Jewry might result in Israel and spread throughout the world. The recent victory over the Arabs, for example, has stirred

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great interest among the most irreligious Jews in the Old Testament and the Talmud; a renascence of religion among the Jews, emanating from Israel with the spirit of the collectives as its moving force, is by no means impossible.

It makes a Christian, thinking about it, look with speculative wonder and secret hope on such a phenomenon as the communitarian movement among Catholics in France. Is that movement a seed in the subconscious of Catholicism, which eventually may help to bring about a united Christianity?

IN WESTERN EUROPE

The Communitarian Movement symbolizes man's attempts to work out his own salvation.

By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

IT IS time to realize that we are facing in the world today a new social situation. Communitarian settlements, similar to the ones described by Mr. Sugrue, are to be found practically all over the world, in one form or another. They are no longer isolated experiments in time and space as they were in previous centuries.

Why is that? In the past, cooperative communities derived largely from a theory: from the inspiration of an intellectual, an apostle, a humanitarian, who was able to persuade others to try his blueprint for a better society. But now, in Western Europe, the Community of Work has been born out of the revolt of the proletarian people meditating on their own suffering. So, at least, say the Communitarians themselves.

Communities sprang from a need. More than that, it was need which made them grow. True, the exploitation of generations of workers had accumulated a powerful charge of revolt, which helped to convince some of them of the wisdom of the communitarian venture. But that revolt could have been put off until there was an opportunity to smash the existing system, instead of being used to create, right then and there, a new way of life. Actually, conditions were such that violence was not possible, but at the same time, the existing situation was unbearable. So it was an urgent necessity for many workers to create new, fertile living conditions.

In 1940, in France, where the movement started, there was at the time absolutely nowhere to turn. There was general physical and material suffering, defeat, occupation and spiritual bankruptcy. The possibility of living in a free world had gone. The measure of liberty hitherto dispensed to the workers had flickered out entirely.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP *is the author of All Things Common, a report on the European Communities of Work.*

It was on this foundation of all-embracing necessity that the first Community of Work took shape. No preconceived idea, no formula, no doctrine. It was started by a few men who felt so "up against it" that they had to do something or else go under.

This same pressing motivation we find in the rural communities which developed after the liberation: there was the inability to buy machines singly, or to make ends meet by cultivating one's own property, or to enjoy an amount of leisure when bound individually to the soil.

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ROOTED deep in such practical need, it is as a means for the fulfilment of the whole man that Communities of Work develop. Through their daily living, members discover what they are after. In every case it is the plenitude of the person—that which is forever frustrated both in the rugged individualistic system and in regimented collectivism.

Viewed in this light, as a group experience born out of suffering and need, Western European Communities of Work take on an additional meaning for the onlooker. These experiments are more than a matter of passing theoretical judgment on the social ownership of the means of production. Even so no one, least of all a Communitarian, thinks that the Communities of Work are the answer to all the ills of the world. What the Communities of Work prove is an old truth: that, at a given time in history, men will work out their salvation in new ways when the need makes it imperative.

We are now confronted with a fact which is widespread enough to call it a world adventure of our time. Even if it were to fail tomorrow, it seems obvious that the least we can do is to study the present day Communitarian movement with a dispassionate, open mind and give it the respect befitting an undertaking which bears witness to a fearless faith in man's destiny.

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The West Coast Looks at the Far East

The future of the United States, says the Coast, may depend on giving more attention to the Orient.

By HARRY W. FLANNERY

PEOPLE on the West Coast, being nearer to the Far East, are more concerned about United States foreign policy in that part of the world, than many persons in the rest of the nation. One of the major complaints of the Coast is that Washington, whether in political appointments, Congressional appropriations or foreign policy, does not give due recognition to the views and demands of the West. In the critical world situation of the moment, the West is worried mainly about what we may do in Asia. They recognize we may have to evacuate Korea, but they stand firmly against any plan to abandon the Pacific area.

People here do not fail to realize our main world interests are concentrated in Europe, and that our defenses must rapidly be built there so the Western democracies can at least make the Kremlin hesitate to undertake conquest of the Ruhr. But they believe we cannot afford to neglect making plans that will hinder further Communist expansion in Asia. Some persons advocate steps that might weaken the Communist hold in Asia.

In stating my impression of the views of the West Coast, I realize that no proper survey of opinion by an individual observer is possible. I base my report on the results of the elections, the impressions gathered from newspaper editorials, letters to the editor and the comments obtained from persons with whom I have discussed the subject. On a few occasions, I have also taken advantage of opportunities to poll the audiences before whom I have made talks. It must be considered that the status given the Far East is not the same in all parts of California. Los Angeles, with its huge population of persons who have come there from Iowa, Indiana and other Middle Western states, tends to turn its back on the Far East, and look toward their home states and Europe. San Francisco, on the other hand, with families who have long had their roots in California, and who are proud of the tradition, faces toward the Pacific.

HARRY W. FLANNERY *is a Los Angeles newspaperman and radio news analyst.*

In arriving at their opinion on foreign policy, the people on the West Coast do not believe they are being insular. Some have expressed resentment at the comparative disregard of the Far East in school textbooks, in which Greece and Mespotamia are given more extended treatment than huge India and China are. In view of the attack in World War II having come from Japan, the loss of China to the Communists and the current fighting in Korea and Indochina, many people on the West Coast argue that the future of the nation depends upon paying more attention to the Far East.

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THE Hearst papers, led by the Los Angeles *Examiner,* have demanded that we withdraw from Korea, cease aiding Europe, step out of the United Nations and retire to building defenses within our own borders. However, this appears to be the individual view of William Randolph Hearst, who lives in Beverly Hills; unable to move from his quarters these days, he is no longer able to determine public sentiment. It is true that the elections indicated a reaction against the amounts spent aiding Europe, and that some of the politicians who were elected have been talking like isolationists, but they have not gone so far as Hearst. These young people and adults generally insist instead that we do not leave Korea unless and until this is necessary. They urge we take a more forthright stand in the United Nations against aggression.

It is realized that if the Chinese continue to pour their forces into Korea, we will probably find our position there ultimately impossible so long as the territory north of the Yalu remains an inviolate sanctuary. Many argue that it is ridiculous for us to continue to hesitate about bombing the Chinese installations near northern Korea. By such action, it is said, we could probably stop the Chinese, and if this is a United Nations operation, which it must be, most agree, it can be undertaken as limited war only. It would follow UN determination that the Communist Chinese are aggressors.

The Chinese are vulnerable behind the Yalu. Manchuria, which borders North Korea, is as rich in heavy industries and mineral resources as all the rest of China combined.

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If the United Nations will not approve bombing Chinese Red installations and transportation lines, people on the West Coast believe it most important, in any case, that Red China not be rewarded for aggression by being given a seat in the UN, or by being recognized and then given Formosa. Some persons have been demanding outright aid to Chiang Kai-shek, and they are so numerous on the West Coast their voices cannot be disregarded. I believe, however, that the majority, realizing that outright cooperation with Chiang would be certain to tie down great numbers of our forces in the Far East, approve instead the economic blockade of China instituted by the United States. Most of them seem to want more, however. They would like to have this a UN, not just a US action, and they think this can be gained if we will assert the leadership now demanded. Many also want unofficial aid to the guerrilla forces in China, estimated to number 600,000 to 800,000. Someone like General Chennault would like once again to lead a new kind of volunteer force there—one that would not fly this time, but train and lead guerrillas, until they have attained strength. If the other nations of the Far East could be induced to aid, perhaps through someone like Romulo of the Philippines, if not Nehru of India, this could become a freedom movement, one planned not necessarily to seat Chiang again—but to oust the enemies of freedom and give the Chinese people the means of choosing their own leader. Then, if they choose Chiang, that is their business. If not, that is still their business, so long as the choice is free.

The West Coast insists there can—in no case—be abandonment of the Far East. Such a surrender would mean giving up vital war material such as rubber and tin and of so many millions of Asiatic people that we would ultimately be doomed, no matter what happened to Europe. What is more, says the Coast, these abandoned people would be conditioned by our retreat to being willing fighters through Communism for what they would consider their new opportunity in a new world. We must not forget, it is pointed out, that the people of the Orient have no liking for the white foreigner, that even India looks at the United States as if we were the same as their former overlords, the British, and other Orientals lump us with the Dutch and French. If the Chinese Communists succeed not only in routing the Western democracies, led by the United States, from Korea, but also from all the Orient, the peoples of the Pacific would gain new confidence and be easy victims of a wily Moscow. The likelihood and the result of World War III would be determined the moment we decided to put all our eggs in the European basket.

SO THEY TELL ME

Mr. Pegler's Ignorant Bliss

PSYCHOLOGICALLY American history is difficult to explain. Most of us think of our country as a democracy, and patriotic orators speak on proper occasions as if the founding fathers invented the Australian ballot. But the fact is that we have always been divided about what we believed. Almost no country has shown more humiliating snobbery, has been so conscious of class, has paid such obsequy to royalty and notions of royalty, while proceeding in the never wholly denied affirmation that "one man is as good as another."

No country has ever contained so many people who could attack a living Lincoln on the supposed ground that he was a buffoon, or a living Roosevelt on the supposed ground that he was a traitor. Nor would you have to spend all day waiting for someone to remind you uncivilly that President Truman was a haberdasher. Much of the favorable immediate response to Alger Hiss was a class response, part of what George Santayana has called our "genteel tradition." Save on the grounds of pure hypocrisy our presumed belief in equality and some of our practices make us difficult to understand.

But the most noxious of our social and intellectual practices is our pretension to ignorance. In no country is the word "intellectual" used with such contempt, and in no country is the intellectual made so much the equivalent of a fool. A favorite pastime of every anti-Roosevelt commentator was expressing the judgment that no Washington adviser or economist "had ever met a payroll." That Mr. Taylor, who rationalized American industry, had never met one either, was a fact those commentators kept secret.

In any event baiting professors and intellectuals is an American habit much more deeply ingrained and more envenomed than baiting Communists.

Knowledge is a thing you are expected to deny. Given the ability to send your son to Princeton or to Yale, you will not put him to work on an assembly line. But if he takes ideas so seriously as to want to live by them you regard him as a cretin and wish he spent more time with girls. Or you pray he is passing through a phase he will outgrow, as he outgrew some simple allergy.

★

ALL of this is provoked by a rude essay of Westbrook Pegler's—an old hand at using howitzers in china shops. Mr. Pegler has for a long time made a handsome living by pretending to be ignorant. He continues to align himself with the almost illiterate, with those who go through life on the level of proper instinct. He continually gives careful and long deliberated expression to what he would want to regard as our average, visceral

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response. He spends tortured hours practising a prose that will mark him as one of ourselves. He flatters the ignorance of the ignorant. He makes formal learning appear to be a calculated exercise in idiocy. For he has long since abandoned reporting or too close acquaintance with facts. He has erected for himself an ideal world in which he pretends to be in touch with the universe, never close to the stars, but very close to the earth and the things and the men of the earth.

It is, in a way, a complex and finely balanced world he has made, and its essence is a deliberate appeal to snobbery, the contention that the plain is good, that there is something called a "common intellect," possessed by George Spelvin, which professors and the governing are in a wretched conspiracy always to seduce. The country is safe so long as it is in the control of the majority who left school at the fourth grade and read the *Journal* with their lips. So long as they pay heed to Pegler, and not to professors.

Mr. Pegler picks his way through his almost black and white world with the careful construction of Hemingway writing the last scene of *A Farewell to Arms*. In the alleged defense of equality, with which Mr. Pegler has no more real patience than I have with a progressive child, vulgar iconoclasm is a premium pastime. There are no gods but Peglerians, who speak to crowds and have never lost the common touch.

The idol Mr. Pegler is currently knocking down is the late Justice Holmes, who, he finds, was "a cynical and senile brutalitarian." Holmes, moreover, "had no more morals than a pig and held that force, alone, was the supreme law of civilization." This last judgment, but not the vocabulary, he carefully ascribes to Raymond Moley who, he says, "was probably right."

Assuming all this to be true, Mr. Pegler quarrels with what he regards as the academic. This is the essence of his case: a lawyer writing about Holmes calls him "agnostic" and speaks of his "amoral realism." These terms Mr. Pegler claims "are not just meaningless. They are supercilious." Mortimer Adler is rebuked, too, for the use of a vocabulary which includes the phrases "dogmatic pragmatism" and "raw Empiricism." This is contrasted with Pegler's dismissal of Holmes as "a brutal old fake."

But the climax of the Pegler piece is reached by his reporting a telephone conversation with Henry Taylor who, Pegler finds, is "a pretty good brain." All men have pretty good brains who agree with Pegler. Taylor, a General Motors' radio commentator, told Pegler that he once attended a philosophy class led by Chancellor Hutchins and Mr. Adler. This was the result: "When it was over Hutchins asked me what I thought of it. I said, I don't know; I fell off the sled at the first turn."

Now all this is simple nonsense. It is a calculated claim on ignorance. Taylor's publicity always refers to his university training, his wide reading, his extreme intellectual competence as a claim on our respect. There is, literally, no subject on which Taylor does not make comment and, seemingly, considered judgment because Taylor professes competence on them all.

Either Mr. Taylor did not fall off the sled and *he* is faking, or he did fall off the sled and, now, immoderately proclaims his ignorance. But this alleged ignorance, this purposed claim to plainness of thought and language, this boastful claim to simplicity, this wholly false identification with the plain, the good, the common people is a theatrical exercise in deliberate and inverted snobbery. It is as false and debased a coinage for the purposes of propaganda as has ever been exchanged in the market place of communication.

It is a new division Pegler and Taylor and company are trying to create in our American life: it is a division between the passionate and the thoughtful; it is the prostitution of the trained mind, in Taylor's case in any event, for the purpose of dispraising the trained mind whose views are the opposite of your own.

★

I AM NOT concerned here with any attack on the professional, on Holmes or Frankfurter or Acheson; but rather with its manner and its method.

Pegler writes that he has "looked up 'dialectic' and 'eclectic' and 'pragmatism' and 'empiricism' 50 times. I can't remember what they mean until the next time I run across them. . . . I am not going to look up 'empirical' again. I don't care what it means. I can put over the idea that Holmes was a vicious influence and became the god of an evil cult without resort to a tongue known to few outside the cult itself."

To put it at its simplest this is submission to sloth: If one wants to know what a word means there is a simple remedy for his ignorance.

But it is easier to invent the existence of a cult if you pretend that there exists an esoteric and supercilious vocabulary that marks and illustrates the cult which is presumably opposed to the ordinary man, moves in a "maze of perfidy" and which is plotting treachery and tyranny.

More than sixty years ago James Bryce found that one of the characteristics of a democracy such as our own was: "a certain commonness of mind and tone, a want of dignity and elevation in and about the conduct of public affairs, an insensibility to the nobler aspects and finer responsibilities of national life."

The Peglers of our national scene contribute to that want of dignity and elevation, fostering it for pay, opposing those who would try to raise the tone, ennoble our national mind and spirit, while nurturing a deep hatred of the most simple and fundamental democratic values. So that the character and contribution, the whole meaning of Franklin Roosevelt can be written off, in this lower case venom, as being a man "accepted as a magnificent Something by millions of dolts with dull eyes and loose, wet lips, who don't know what or why."

Pegler, actually, is one among a removed, self-appointed and self-considered elite who are consciously antidemocratic. He is a snob. His essential meaning is that American life and its rich, nourished meaning go on being sustained while Pegler strains and shouts his foul contempt like a man beating on the disregarding bars in Bellevue.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

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The Stage

TWENTIETH CENTURY

WHEN Gloria Swanson scored an enormous personal triumph in "Sunset Boulevard," there was always the nagging possibility that her comeback was as much the result of careful editing as of important talent on her part, a possibility made more real by certain erratic shifts of characterization in the film. Whatever doubts the Brackett-Wilder picture may have left us with are now happily and conclusively removed. Miss Swanson's playing in "Twentieth Century" is sustained, authoritative and extremely funny. In addition, her performance reveals a personal warmth which would have been inappropriate in the film and was therefore lost to it—a warmth which, I think, is in part due to the admirable wisdom with which Miss Swanson has handled her own years of failure. One senses from her interviews and television appearances that she has wasted no energy on bitterness, and she now emerges as a mature, confident, and resourceful actress with whom the audience is clearly and justifiably delighted.

It would be unfair to pretend that Miss Swanson is the only good thing in "Twentieth Century." Jose Ferrer is as skillful as we have come to expect, and is further responsible for the direction, which was only a little ragged at the preview I attended and ought to be taut and cumulative by this time. He also reminds us of a theatrical truism: that the best all-round acting companies are invariably assembled by actor-directors. The actor seems to know where the other good actors are, and Ferrer has gathered together a whole trainload of them. Even the sixteen-year old play, for some mysterious reason, seems better than it used to—perhaps our present uncertainty has caused us to lose our talent for effrontery, and it is heartening to go back to a time when bald and happy outrage was possible—and the evening *in toto* is one of the treats of the season. (*First presented at the* ANTA *Playhouse; after January* 8 *at the Fulton.*)

KING LEAR

I BELONG to that school of diehards which maintains in the face of endlessly unsatisfactory productions of "King Lear" that the play is nevertheless playable. It may be that its structural complexity cannot be absorbed by any production which does not rigorously remove every other complexity—scenic complexity, for instance— and that it will never move easily again until it moves on a reconstructed Elizabethan stage or a stage so close to the Elizabethan as to be indistinguishable from it. Ralph Alswang's mounting for the current Alexander H. Cohen-Robert L. Joseph production is, as a matter of fact, relatively unobtrusive and even attractive, but it still attempts to create a series of changing backgrounds, with variations of time and place, and "Lear" tends to go to pieces when it is divided and interrupted in this way. Modern lighting has been a great boon to the theatre, but it, too, with its constant dimming and shifting, conspires to isolate the play's myriad parts instead of letting them pile up on top of one another.

The present production suffers a further rhythmic hazard in arranging a curtain drop between the beginning of the storm and Lear's tempestuous scene on the heath, snipping off the rising movement of the play just as it reaches its logical climax. This also forces Louis Calhern as Lear into following the deadly intermission break at the top of his voice, and I cannot imagine the actor who could do it successfully. John Houseman has otherwise edited the play intelligently and directed it with a considerable crispness, but I'm afraid any discussion of the production's virtues must be academic in the face of the inescapable fact that Mr. Calhern is not yet ready to play Lear. He is a good actor, and he often acts the part well without ever reading it adequately. He is at his best when he is quiet and constrained, at his worst when the part is at its greatest. That this should be so is hardly surprising when one considers that the American theatre offers little or no opportunity for an actor to train himself in speaking verse, and Calhern, like many another performer, has simply had to take the plunge from drawing-room and screen acting to the tremendous rhythms and emotional turmoil of Shakespeare without any intermediate preparation. In addition "Lear" might well be the climax of a trained actor's repertory rather than the beginning of it. To borrow from the language of the play, Mr. Calhern isn't yet ripe enough, as a verse technician, to bring it off.

The rest of the company is in and out. Martin Gabel is fine as Kent, Arnold Moss quite satisfactory as Gloucester, and Norman Lloyd seems a reasonably good Fool, though so much of the part has been cut—and quite sensibly—that it is hard to say whether he could have given life to its more difficult passages. I thought Joseph Wiseman's Edmund merely eccentric, and "Lear," with its problems of cohesion, seems to me no place for individual eccentricity. Two other oddities of interpretation troubled me: I could not understand why Nina Foch, as Cordelia, felt it necessary in the opening scene to play more vituperatively than either of her sisters, and I was puzzled by Mr. Calhern's choosing, in the final scene of the play, to strike again the earlier notes of vanity and fury, rather than round the character to an ultimate resignation. (*At the National.*)

OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE new Cole Porter musical—though Mr. Porter himself does not seem principally at fault—is a desperate enterprise apparently dedicated to disproving the

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old theatrical myth that if you haven't got anything else, sex will get you by. Sex doesn't get "Out of This World" by, partly because its book writers are so determined that it shall. Belligerence, as anyone in his right mind must have known, is not precisely a rewarding approach to the subject, and from the time that Jupiter strenuously announces that he is simply teeming, simply steaming with sex, the audience is quite frigidly on guard. Sex is, in any event, an elusive and highly personal quality, and the attempt to bludgeon it into a production results only in fatigue and fatuity, qualities which "Out of This World" possesses in abundance.

It also possesses an abundance of old jokes. George Jean Nathan will no doubt take this up in due time, but I cannot resist handing out a few samples:

Customer: You are the innkeeper, I take it?
Innkeeper: I'm the innkeeper. I take it.

One Woman: Oh, is your husband Henry Luce?
Another: No, my husband is very loose.

Host: Will you have a chaser?
Woman (searching for her husband): No, thanks. I've got one.

And there is also the moment when one man prods another's midriff with a shotgun and intimates that there is shortly going to be a "navel disaster."

I had really thought that this particular kind of comedy construction had disappeared from the theatre. At that, it is not even the age of the formula that is most against it, but the quality. As Charles Butterworth once announced, some jokes are no good even if they *are* old.

What is both old and good about "Out of This World" is an eleven o'clock routine by Charlotte Greenwood, who alone manages to give the evening some verve and humor. She is wonderful, as always, and it is too bad that she has been asked to carry so much that is uninspired. (*At the Century.*)

WALTER KERR.

An Appeal

REV. William Porter Carloni of the Oratorian Order, has come to this country to seek aid for the two homes for war orphans which he and another priest of his Congregation established near Milan after the war. Each home has about a hundred boys from two to eighteen years of age. Father Carloni, whose mother was born in the United States, has assumed responsibility for feeding, clothing and educating them. His greatest problem is food and he also has need of woolen blankets and warm clothing. CARE, of 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y., will accept orders for food and textile packages designated for Father Carloni; its various packages range in price from $4 to $10; the latter is the cost of a special Italian food package.

The Screen

"DARK, DARK, DARK AMIDST THE BLAZE OF NOON"

WHEN THE English take themselves in hand and decide to make a good film, they *can* make a very good film. The Boulting Brothers, who gave us something to think about with "Thunder Rock" and "Fame is the Spur," have sent over their latest endeavor—a thriller that will chill you to the marrow and at the same time give you a little cerebral exercise. I don't think *"Seven Days to Noon"* comes out with any really pregnant statements about the use of atomic weapons, but the movie definitely brings the subject to the fore; and that's more than American movies have done.

The central figure in it is a top British scientist whose mind has cracked from overwork in atomic research laboratories and from the conviction that his work is being put to an evil purpose. He steals a UR-12 bomb and threatens to blow up the seat of the Government and obviously the 12-mile area around it, unless the Prime Minister denounces the use of atomic weapons. Scotland Yard is called in and the chase is on—a chase made doubly tense by the picture's calm tone of underplaying and by the fact that all London turns out to pursue this one man, whose picture is finally plastered on every billboard. The scientist during this week's period (he sets Sunday noon as the finale for his ultimatum) first takes a room in a boarding house, from which he runs (always carrying his battered bag with the bomb) when his landlady becomes suspicious; then he accepts shelter from a frowsy blonde, an aging, passé variety-artiste (expertly played by Olive Sloane, who succeeds in getting in some good humorous touches).

Fortunately the picture has other moments of humor—so necessary to relieve the tension which grows greater and greater as the week advances. When Scotland Yard has failed to locate the scientist by Thursday, the Prime Minister proclaims in a radio address to which all London listens, a state of emergency as well as his refusal to meet the scientist's demands. ("To make ourselves weak, we lay ourselves open to invasion by tyranny.")

Then follows the evacuation of London—in some of the most amazing scenes ever photographed. We see the English treasures being hidden and the people being transported by every possible means. London empties.

Although "Seven Days" has an outstanding flaw—one wonders why the Government doesn't promise the mad scientist anything to get him to surrender—the film as a whole is so well made that one can only praise those responsible for it. Barry Jones gives a good performance as the pathetic, harassed scientist who believes that people all over the world are acting like sleepwalkers and deserve no more than his threatened darkness at noon.

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THERE IS another import now being shown in this country, a foreign-language film with English subtitles. Actually *"Ways of Love"* is an international cocktail—two parts French and one part Italian; furthermore it is really a program of three short movies made by different directors at different times and it is quite uneven in results.

The only part I liked is the middle section called "Jofroi," which was produced and directed by Marcel Pagnol from a story by Jean Giono. Jofroi is an old farmer who sells his orchard to a hearty and younger man who starts right in cutting down the trees in order to plant wheat. But Jofroi thinks the trees are still his and refuses to let the new owner hurt them in any way. First he uses a gun, then he threatens suicide again and again. The protests of the priest and Jofroi's friends are of no avail. The comedy that comes out of this is a delight; and the final scene is as touching as anything you'd want to see. "Jofroi" fairly glows with warm, human characterizations.

The first part of "Ways of Love" is called "A Day in the Country" and stems from Guy de Maupassant's short story. In spite of Jean Renoir's efforts to make his little film as sexy as possible (this is done in various ways: the group of seminarians eyeing a woman on a swing; two men discussing with unusual frankness their pursuit of love; the scenes in which these men take the mother and daughter up the river) a moral does come through and is made very poignant at the end: One must assume responsbility; you can't seize pleasures without taking on the fullness of life. I found Renoir's method of preaching his sermon much too gauche for his commendable conclusion.

Roberto Rossellini may have had the most sincere intentions in making "The Miracle," the third part of "Ways of Love," but the finished result is so dangerously close to being sacrilegious that it would have been better to leave this material alone. The script, based on Frederico Fellini's story, is about a demented woman who tends goats up in the hills. She thinks a passing stranger is St. Joseph and she wants him to take her to Heaven. He plies her with wine and later when she is pregnant, she thinks she is a virgin destined to bear a child. The rest of the film is concerned with her firm belief in her destiny, with her abject misery when the beggars throw her out and the townsfolk cruelly mock her, and with her long climb up a steep hill to a deserted church where she gives birth to her baby. Although Anna Magnani's performance is magnificent, this is one of the most torturous films I have ever seen. Perhaps in Italy, where the picture was made, its delicate subject matter would not seem so shocking, but in the United States audiences might well be embarrassed by the visualized themes of "The Miracle." It should be obvious to film makers by now that not all subjects are grist for the movie camera. For my money, "The Miracle" should have been and should be left alone.

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The Sale

By JOE DEVER

PEACE, it's wonderful in Colorado's San Luis Valley. After two years in the shrill, feverish embrace of the Chicago Loop, it is a deliverance into a land of Cana, rich with pure-blue sky, pinto mountain peaks, the splash of artesian wells, dull, coal fires in the morning and the rude reality of the backhouse beckoning to you across the chill shadows of the dooryard.

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed. . . ." The line floats away from the body of the poem as the sun adds more gold to the hair of a baby girl spooning up the earth outside the cabin door.

This morning Grandpa wants to go to the livestock auction, or what is known in the Valley as The Sale. Last night you turned the old Ford toward the east, almost certain that the hot hand of the morning sun would warm the engine for a quick turnover. There is rarely a day in the entire year when the sun does not shine in this valley.

The Sale to most farmers here is a weekly event which combines business with a masculine pleasure equal if not superior to the recreation of the tavern, the rummy table, the cinema and, yes, television.

There is no television here, there are no taverns, and but for a reasonably good movie house and a bowling alley, little public diversion.

A four-year-old dude from the big city is coming with us. Here, whooping it up in splendid isolation on the corral fence, he does not have to compete with thousands of other Hopalongs, cantering through the backyards and along the sidewalks of Chicago.

Here, where horseflesh is abundant and cheap, it was inevitable that he should want to dream his lusty dreams astride the real article.

But it isn't the horse, it's the feed that is holding up the great fulfillment. Hay is way out of line this season and people would rather sell horses than bear the cost of feeding them.

"I'll buy the horse, if you'll buy the feed, Grandpa."

And there the matter rests for the present.

★

NOW, DOWN the long, dusty road to the auction barn, the mountains weighing their loveliness upon you forever. Only the pleasant whir of the tires to suggest a contrast with the clang and the clash of the faraway Loop. There, too much noise; here, perhaps too little. How to keep peaceful amid too much noise? How to keep peaceful amid too much peace? There, the cocktail lounge; here The Sale. There, the stack of bills on the first of the month; here, the whimper of a child at dawn, the groping in the gun-metal light for paper and matches: *"blue-bleak embers . . . fall, gall themselves and gash gold-vermillion. . ."*

Even so, Father Hopkins, in the darkness of pre-dawn when winter is the finger of death upon the heart.

Eliot calls it the human condition, the interminable exchange of one set of problems for another. But which set of problems can one face with dignity? That is the eternal question which must be honestly answered by the Christian. Here is one answer—the mountains, the valley, peace without, for those who seek it within. There, the cocktail lounge, here The Sale.

"Eighty, eighty, eighty, who'll gimee eighty-five?" . . .

There was a crate of white leghorn chickens at one end of the fenced-in enclosure, set in the middle of the barn. Steep, wooden bleachers, rising from three sides of the sandy quadrangle, gave it the appearance of a pit. At the east end of the pit, the auctioneer's box loomed high, between two large sliding doors. At the center of the pit was a stout fence post; a herder leaned against it, buggy whip in hand.

"Hey!" the herder shouted, pointing his whip at a farmer in the bleachers who had raised his hand.

"Eighty-five, eighty-five, who'll gimee ninety?" the auctioneer continued. He was a lean, ruddy man, typical of a country of lean, ruddy men. He sang in strong, swift, yipping tones, reminiscent of the tobacco auctioneer, but much more communicative to the unpracticed ear.

"Eighty-five, who'll gimee ninety?" he yipped, pushing his light, gray Stetson to the back of his head. "Come on, now, by the head," he chided. "Them's good eatin'. Who'll gimee ninety?"

"Hey!" the herder shouted, pointing to Grandpa, who had raised a finger.

"Ninety, ninety, ninety. SOLD!" The auctioneer mumbled Gramp's name to a clerk, scribbling beside him.

"We're in the chicken business," Grandpa said, grabbing Hopalong around the shoulders.

"But you can't ride chickens!" Hopalong seemed to say with a grin, moderated by the questioning of his eyes.

★

YOU LOOKED around the completely filled bleachers—the ruddy faces, working with easy talk, grinning or puffing or reflecting with the mileaway look of mountain men. And amid them, splashes of dark where Mexican farmers formed their own little stock markets—the light tolerating the dark, both tolerating the sale of chickens, waiting for the big stuff—the grunts, the baas, the moos that were to come.

"All right, bring in them hogs," the auctioneer said.

The door slid back, whips cracked, three swollen Hampshire sows lumbered in, grunting contemptuously.

"Them's pure-bred Hamps, all sows, all vaccinated. Let's go, by the hundred. Twenty, twenty, twenty, who'll give me twenty-ten?"

JOE DEVER *is a novelist and short-story writer whose new novel A Certain Widow will be published in the spring.*

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Ham-hock and sauerkraut in Berghof's restaurant. Beer, too. Light and dark.

The light and the dark in Chicago; the light and the dark in the San Luis Valley. Ghettoes in the bleachers at the auction barn; ghettoes in the great, sprawling city by the lake.

Heard about-uh, heard about uh. . .

Heard about a pastor on the South Side, vigorous in the fight against "Negro infiltration. . ."

Heard about a pastor in the Valley who threw a rancher out of the rectory because he wouldn't sit with the Mexicans at Mass. . .

Heard about a wife, buried in the Loop—she's got a lot of silver talk that would look good in books, but it's pre-sex talk in the dim, dim lounge, and the silver gets brown, like the bourbon at the bottom of a glass in the morning.

"Bring in them ewe lambs. Them's pure-bred lambs from Wyomin'. You'll wear your wheels off lookin' for lambs like them in the Valley."

Heard about-uh, heard about-uh. Heard about a wife buried in the Valley—they say she made dates down at the lunch-cart. Cops in from Denver, diggin' 'round the timberline. Ain't found a thing, nary a thing.

Heard about-uh, saw a feller. . .

"Okay, here we go—by the head—thirty, thirty, thirty, gimee thirty-one."

"Looky here, them's classy lambs. You'll be hollerin' for lambs like them come Spring, and you ain't-uh-gonna-git-'em. Them's pure-bred lambs—got the papers here to prove it. I'll holler all day 'fore I'll let 'em go for a price like this. I'll buy them lambs myself—you're gonna dig down next time you see them there lambs. Let's be gittin' on here—thirty, thirty, thirty. . .

"Hey!"

★

HEAR THEY'RE makin' snow up at Wolf Creek Pass. School of Mines trucked a big generator up there for almost nothin'. There wuz a lot of big talkers around with contracts— sign here, sign there. We'll git you snow up on them peaks, lots of it, sign here. . .

Hell, we could-uh paid off the national debt with what they wanted. Then somebody went to the School of Mines. Don't know how much good they'll do. May have to pump again this Spring.

"Okay, let's sell them steer. . ."

"Let's have one more and then get a steak."

"Yeh, one more. There's a steak house on Boul Mich."

The hostess that loved Nelson Algren.

"Glad your buddy went home." She sipped at her fifth stinger, ninety cents a throw. "You know, I just love Algren—read everything he's written."

She's a graduate of the eighth grade, west side parish school, but knows all the smart talk of the liberals in the Loop—hears it at the tables.

"You won't find *me* in the Colonel's shelter. I'll take my A-Bomb with a stinger, sitting right here. When it falls, we'll have the reactionaries to blame. They've al-

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ready set the progressive movement back fifty years. Here's to Bishop Sheil!"

"Forty, forty, forty, gimee forty-one. . ."

"Hey!" said the table-talk liberal. "Look at them white-wall tires! That's a three-thousand dollar car, pal, paid for it myself. Look at them zebra seat covers . . . there's a guy comes into our place, handles those things. Jump in, pal, jump in."

"I thought you loved Algren."

"Drop dead!"

"Forty-one, forty-one. . ."

"Hey!"

★

THE SALE was over. Outside, we lifted the crate of chickens into the car trunk. To the east the mountains were turning crimson in the sapphire sun of midday.

"That's Sangre de Cristo," Grandpa said.

"There was no horsies," Hopalong said, when we were heading west again along the parched, white strip of road.

"They have a special sale for horses," Grandpa said. "We'll be sure to bring you."

Only the sleepy clucking of the chickens, as dulled by the silence of hunger and the silence of the mountains. We burbled toward home.

And after lunch, Sangre de Cristo looming in the long, still, white afternoon. The chaffer of sparrows on the cabin roof, the endless splash of water at the spring, a cricket in the underbrush along the ditch, stitching the mountains and the valley together forever.

Of Note

Laymen in the Missions

A PAMPHLET entitled "The Laity Look Eastward," published by the Grailville center at Loveland, Ohio, tells of the new school of missiology established by the Grail a year ago to train young women as lay missionaries. The training, one or three years according to the previous preparation, background and maturity of each student, is open to those who wish to devote their whole lives to the service of the mission Church, or to those who wish to pledge themselves to a definite period, three to six years.

> The need for lay apostles in China was foreseen by leaders of the Church, and one priest in particular, Father Clifford King, S.V.D., founder of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, some years ago advocated such a course of training as that which is now being given at Grailville. In an article written for the March, 1945 issue of *The Shield* entitled "The Coming Age of the Lay Apostle," Father King urged the immediate recruiting of thousands of lay medical, social and educational workers for the Chinese missions.

While the situation in China today makes impossible for the moment the fulfillment of such a program as that outlined by Father King, the principles remain the same, and the Church's leaders are advising the training of lay apostles outside of China who will be ready to enter that country when the present crisis has passed. The directors of Grailville's School of Missiology have been receiving appeals for trained lay leaders from such widely separated lands as China, Japan, India, Pakistan, the Hawaiian Islands, Africa and Hong Kong. . . .

Leaders of the Church in missionary lands see many ways in which today's apostles can contribute to the building of the Church in mission lands. First of all, they can show a practical pattern of Christian life in the family and in society to both the non-Catholics and Catholics. By living as wholehearted Christians, they can help to overcome the pagan's indifference to spiritual realities and can thus dispose them to seek a similar pattern of life for themselves.

Moreover the laity can help to build a Christian culture in all departments of life, in literature, law, medicine, art, journalism, recreation. . . .

Thus, for the growth of the apostolate in China, for example, it is essential to develop a culture which is at once fully Catholic and fully Chinese, preserving the best elements of Chinese life and integrating them with Christianity. In this sphere the laity have an important contribution to make. It is the laity who are husbands and wives, employers and workers, actors and audience, journalists and readers. In their ordinary daily contacts, lay apostles can help to create a Christian atmosphere in the family, the factory, the market-place; they can help to build Christian institutions and a genuine Christian culture.

Another task of the lay apostles is to train leaders from among the people who will take their places as soon as possible. They can train young men and women to carry on their work who will often be more effective, because they know better the culture and the mentality of their own people. And finally, the lay apostles can help in the specialized intellectual apostolate by bringing the teachings of the Church to the educated classes.

Lay apostles in the missions need a professional training such as teaching, nursing, social work, or some other skill by which they can earn their own living. They must have open minds and the capacity to adapt themselves to a new kind of life. They must have a burning concern for the conversion of the world. And above all else they must have a deep love for and appreciation of the people among whom they will work. Otherwise they cannot hope to accomplish any effective and lasting good.

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Books

Beyond Humanism. John Julian Ryan. Sheed & Ward. $3.

JOHN JULIAN RYAN'S work on the idea of a Catholic college had an especially good chapter on the teacher. This new work is on the same idea, and is a much better work. It has the faults and also the virtues of the earlier work. The faults are that the author is not a notably orderly or disciplined thinker, and when the reader has covered one chapter, in a sense he has covered all: there is no very decisive progress, no clear outline to develop. But the virtues, which are much more developed in the new work, easily outweigh any faults.

Beyond Humanism is far from a tepid declaration of a humanism more or less proper to another time. It is a dynamic challenge and is quite relevant to our age. What it says on the negative side is that American Catholic colleges and universities, though Catholic in various degrees, are Catholic, so far as they are Catholic, largely by accident and by routine. The new vital learning in them is secularistic. They would like to be Catholic in their lives and secularistic in their learning, and almost any of them would jump at the chance to include a man like Descartes on its faculty.

Ryan thinks that something else can be done and demands to be done, and for our part we say that only this something else would justify the existence of Catholic schools. He says his piece in any of several chapters, and his repeating it is all to the good. He says the end is vocational living. This means to learn to use one's powers to the full in making things and institutions, managing them and sacramentalizing them. To do this "to the full" supposes that one has worked as an apprentice under masters and finally works as an artist in doing it; that is, one operates in a truly scientific and philosophical manner. The chapter on integration, which is really on the materials, says the educated should be able to solve skillfully the problems and perform skillfully the tasks of priest, of prophet, of maker and ruler. All this requires training in the art of worshipping and in the art of reforming the social order, and therefore in many fine arts, in sciences, in social studies, in philosophy and theology. Of course, this is a slanted learning, and it incidentally raises the questions of why we think a learning slanted toward the irreligious or a-religious is unslanted and of how slanted is an unslanted learning.

The book is indispensable, if for no other reason than the scarcity of works in its crucial area, but mainly because it raises the question not merely about the status but about the possibility of a truly Christian learning. The reviewer wishes Ryan

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found himself just a little freer to love learning as an Aristotle loved it and to urge masters and apprentices to seek learning as a good in many relations and also as a good in itself. If we may believe—against many secularists and many Christians—that nature exists and is good and with a St. Thomas that intellect has an *affinitas ad rem,* we may hope there is a way to make one world of the purest speculative learnings and the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

LEO R. WARD.

The Soviet Image of the United States. Frederick C. Barghoorn. Harcourt. $4.

THE present official Russian view of this country has been voiced long and loud. Anyone who makes a pretense of reading the papers or who has listened to prolonged debates at Lake Success would know what it is right off. Primarily the charge is that the United States is imperialistic capitalism incarnate (for we oppose Communist aggression wherever we can).

What would be interesting to know is the extent to which such constantly voiced hostility is shared by the Russian people themselves. For the only ultimate solution of the present impasse depends on reaching an understanding with the Russian people. We could not successfully invade and occupy Russia against the popular will even if we were fully mobilized.

The author of this volume spent five years in the USSR (up to 1947) and has read and interviewed widely ever since. Yet he is very tentative in his conclusions on the attitude of the people. He does believe that Russian intellectuals have shared the disdain for American culture manifested by other European intellectuals. And to a lesser extent he is convinced that they are swayed by the constant official Marxist criticism of the American set-up. But this is hardly a revelation now. Mr. Barghoorn found the opinion of the Russian in the street virtually impossible to determine, but suspects that any tangible, formulated Soviet public opinion is non-existent.

Perhaps the author is an overly cautious man. I suspect, however, that the degree to which the Kremlin has been able to keep its people hermetically sealed off is chiefly to blame. Many of them seem to know in a vague way that the American manner of living is materially much more rewarding than their own — lush Hollywood versions of life in both Russia and the United States in such American films as "Mission to Moscow" and the few others that have been permitted to be shown have made that plain. But this is counteracted day in, day out, by official propaganda as to American softness and bourgeois decadence.

Russian officers, scientists, intellectuals and officials who made contact with Americans and Englishmen during the past war often showed a pathetic eagerness for foreign ideas, as men will ever do when kept in mental straitjackets. Some of them were genuinely friendly for a time. But the author's evidence supplies little to go on beyond a vague feeling that, left to themselves, Americans and Russians would get along together rather well.

Indeed the extraordinary thing is that despite all Russia's foreign adventures, their allies in the past war, the wonders of today's means of communication, the Kremlin has succeeded in making the Iron Curtain so impenetrable—to ideas, to mutual knowledge, to common human aspirations.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Stephen Crane. John Berryman. Sloane Associates. $3.50.

STEPHEN CRANE has become a legend. By which we mean that despite his growing reputation during recent years he is more talked about than read. We owe something to Mr. Berryman for his conscientious attempt to call the public's attention to one who deserves better of that class of readers who love good literature. Hitherto Stephen Crane as man and artist was inadequately known from Thomas Beer's brief

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biography, which is full of gaps, and not wholly accurate. Mr. Berryman's is a critical biography in the full sense of the term; it is thorough, it is vivid as well as factual; though it seems the author has followed the wrong path, especially in the last chapter, in evoking the unhappy ghost of Freud in the attempt to solve the riddle of Crane's personality. It has been this writer's experience in the reading of biography that no writer as yet has ever given any satisfactory interpretation of a man of talent or genius by calling on the aid of that pseudo-science which passes under the name of psychoanalysis. And, after all, it would have been a piece of generosity to leave something to the imagination of the reader.

In the matter of sheer interest, Crane's life is sufficiently absorbing without trimmings. He was a strange man who, in his own fashion, lived excitingly and, in a manner, dangerously. He was restless, driven by some inner compulsion, to travel and to create, and to achieve what little happiness was in store for him. His creative life was brief. Famous by twenty-three, he died at twenty-nine from consumption. Superbly honest, he made friends and enemies, after the manner of his kind. He received the warm approval of his living literary peers—of Howells, Henry James, Conrad, Wells. Yet today, of his fourteen volumes of fiction and poetry only a few titles are known. His poetry is distinguished if lacking a definite form; but he was always a poet in his fiction.

The quality of his creative imagination may be gathered from the fact that he wrote *The Red Badge of Courage*, recognized as a little masterpiece among war novels, while still a very young man, one who had not yet seen war, though later he was to be engaged as a war correspondent in Cuba and Greece. Mr. Berryman, by the way, thinks this story superior to Tolstoy's *Sevastopol*.

The penultimate chapter on "Crane's Art" is singularly penetrating. He tells us precisely why Crane is an artist who falls short only of the greatest. His truths, we are told, are largely intuitive. As an artist Mr. Berryman puts Crane but little below Hawthorne and James, and he is not hesitant in calling him "one of the few manifest geniuses the country has produced."

JOHN COURNOS.

Roman Collar. Edward Roberts Moore. Macmillan. $3.

MONSIGNOR MOORE has written a cheerful and readable book, one whose attractiveness is increased by the fact that it is so unpretentious. It turns out to be in the end, or upon the whole, an autobiography, though now and then we get brief interludes of ecclesiastical history or a generalized account of a priest's life. These matters, however, one suspects, are brought in so that the author may escape talking too much about himself. Thus we are told virtually nothing about what led him to become a priest except that he had a saintly mother, and she was extremely careful not to prod

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him toward the seminary. The reticence is, no doubt, admirable, yet it is not mere curiosity that makes the reader wish for some of the withheld intimacies.

Nearly the whole of Monsignor Moore's clerical life has been spent at St. Peter's, Barclay Street, New York, first as assistant and then as pastor. But St. Peter's is by now one of the least typical of American parishes, for its population has long ago drifted north, so that its numerous activities are now almost all for the benefit of transients or people from the Wall Street district who drop in with their problems during their lunch hour or after the day's work. These keep the clergy of St. Peter's more than sufficiently busy. If Monsignor Moore chooses to represent himself as a hard man for panhandlers to get around, one surmises this is to cover up his being a rather easy mark.

In still other ways Monsignor Moore has lived a life very different from that of most priests. He served, for example, under Cardinal Hayes as Director of the Division of Social Action in the Catholic Charities, as he also had connections with Harry Hopkins and the National Youth Administration. As for St. Peter's, he has organized an admirable parish library, in charge of a trained and paid librarian, a number of lecture forums and a paper, the *Barclay Street News*. The Monsignor, in short, has had a career which, without being spectacular, has been notably busy and fruitful and never devoid of interest.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

The Fresh and Open Sky, and Other Stories. Richard Sullivan. Holt. $3.

Tomato Cain, and Other Stories. Nigel Kneale. Knopf. $3.

A POET if really in love writes very poor love poetry, as Hamlet wrote to Ophelia. In his incommunicable confusion, he is quite unable to detach himself from his utterance and impose upon it the discipline of art. Similarly, if a man truly reminisces, those reminiscences may be skillful descriptive psychology. To allow the past to rush up to the present through that point at which we are weakest, through our sentimentality, is to enjoy ourselves too much to laboriously give form to that warm onrush of impressions, all the more attractive when they are tinged with self-pity.

In a collection of short stories by Richard Sullivan, *The Fresh and Open Sky,* several are in substance such reminiscences. Some of the stories have appeared in *Charm, Mademoiselle,* and *The Bengalese.* Bittersweet. Mellow. The successful businessman returning to his home town, finding that he can no longer remain there; the middle-aged man elated to find his image still clear in a young sailor's recollections of a New Year's Eve party many years before; the father who in this age of automobiles (they are here to stay) desperately tries to find a horse for his little daughter who has never seen a real one. In most of these stories, sorrow is the machine-made lace used to give an expensive air to an ordinary piece of material. Only two of them stand out: "In a Glass Darkly," a subtle study of the uneasiness of a middle-aged man away from his beloved wife, and the title story, a delicate description of a moment of full understanding in the lives of two boys confiding to each other their dreams of the future.

A DIFFERENT type of short story appears in *Tomato Cain,* by Nigel Kneale, a young Manxman whose volume has won the approval of many English critics and which has the honor of a foreword by Elizabeth Bowen. The unusual theme of the majority of these stories is such that to paint the colors darker in one instance or to touch too lightly in another would be to fall into the melodramatic or the pretentious. For these are horror stories, stories in which the horror arises from the contemplation of an irresistable process: like the indifferent ticking of a clock, whether it be in a sick room or in a noisy nursery. In a few of these stories, the horror appears shadowy in the beginning, but like a rifle shot in the forest suddenly bursts forth and a line or a single word brings it into focus, as in "The Photograph" or "Oh, Mirror, Mirror." But the horror evoked is more than that of an unswervable monomania of people and events, and the absence of undertones, of allusions in the stories is a fitting frame for the collection: the completely irrational.

When Mr. Kneale turns to other themes, such as humor, he is not as successful. The most unconvincing piece in the collection is "Who—Me, Signor?," the story of an Italian Fascist scoundrel who is caught trying to cheat blind men. Quite bad. But it is quite sufficient that an artist do one thing well, and Mr. Kneale does that. The horror stories more than make up for those which do not come off.

SERGE HUGHES.

•REVIEWERS•

REV. LEO R. WARD, C.S.C., professor of Philosophy at the University of Notre Dame, is the author of *Blueprint for a Catholic University.*

JOHN COURNOS reviews regularly for the New York *Herald-Tribune* and other publications.

THEODORE MAYNARD is the author of many books of biography, history and poetry. His latest volume is *The Cross and the Crown,* a study of Thomas Cromwell.

SERGE HUGHES teaches modern languages at St. John's University in Brooklyn.

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